1. *K.* Leade couragiour Coſin.
1. 2. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noiſe within crying, run, ſave hold: Enter in haſt a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold,hold,O hold,hold,hold.

Enter Pirithous in haſte.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curſed haſt you made
If you have done ſo quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.
Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe? How doe things fare?
Pir. Ariſe great Sir,and give the tydings eare
That are moſt early ſweet,and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wakt us from our dreame?
Pir. Liſt then: your Coſen
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him,a blacke one,owing
Not a hayre worth of white,which ſome will ſay
Weakens his price,and many will not buy
His goodneſſe with this note: Which ſuperſtition
Heere findes allowance: On this horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the ſtones of *Athens*,which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell,then trample;for the horſe
Would make his length a mile,if't pleaſ'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement,dancing as t'wer to'th Muſicke
His owne hoofes made; (for as they ſay from iron
Came Muſickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*,and like him poſſeſt
With fire malevolent,darted a Sparke
Or what feirce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horſe,hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this,and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will,bounds,comes on end,
Forgets ſchoole dooing,being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge,pig-like he whines

At the ſharpe Rowell,which he freats at rather
Then any jot obaies; ſeekes all foule meanes
Of boyſtrous and rough Iadrie,to diſ-ſeate
His Lord,that kept it bravely: when nought ſerv'd,
When neither Curb would cracke,girth breake nor diffring
Diſ-roote his Rider whence he grew,but that (plunges
He kept him tweene his legges,on his hind hoofes
on end he ſtands
That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head
Seem'd with ſtrange art to hang: His victoros wreath
Even then fell off his head: and preſently
Backeward the Iade comes ore,and his full poyze
Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,
But ſuch a veſſell tis,that floates but for
The ſurge that next approaches: he much deſires
To have ſome ſpeech with you; Loe he appeares.

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.

Pal. O miſerable end of our alliance
The gods are mightie *Arcite*,if thy heart,
Thy worthie,manly heart be yet unbroken:
Give me thy laſt words, I am *Palamon*,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take *Emilia*
And with her,all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,
Farewell: I have told my laſt houre; I was falſe,
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Coſen:
One kiſſe from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:
Take her: I die.
Pal. Thy brave ſoule ſeeke *Elizium*. (thee,
Emil. Ile cloſe thine eyes Prince; bleſſed ſoules be with
Thou art a right good man,and while I live,
This day I give to teares.
Pal. And I to honour.
Theſ. In this place firſt you fought: ev'n very here
I ſundred you,acknowledge to the gods
Our thankes that you are living;
His part is play'd,and though it were too ſhort
He did it well: your day is lengthned,and,